

What the "400" are Wearing Cholly Knickerbocker.

by Mrs.

Some Coach-
ing Frocks
Worn by
Mrs. W. K.
Vanderbilt,
Jr., and Mrs.
Stuyvesant
Fish.

With a Turk-
ish Coat, De-
signed by
Drecol and
Worn by
Mrs. Oliver
Harriman.



A.—Front of the Severely Simple but Smart Grey Broadcloth Gown Worn by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.
B.—Back of Mrs. Vanderbilt's Gown.
C.—Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's Effective Costume of Cream Colored Shantung Silk, Piped with Brown.
D.—The Turkish Coat Designed by Drecol and Worn by Mrs. Oliver Harriman.

appear again on the other side of the fold. From there they ran down on the side and then up again in the back. The illustration will make this clear to you, I am sure.

The sleeves were cut in one with the rest of the coat, as so many properly constructed sleeves are this year, and they were loose and baggy to a degree.

And for fear all this sameness of tone might not be the most becoming thing in the world touches of reseda green, striped with white, were introduced here and there.

This striped silk which was of the rajas variety was used in cuff and collar and waistcoat and the stripes were quite wide and pronounced. The collars and cuffs were attractive, but I'm not quite sure that I liked the effect of the waistcoat. It was rather suggestive of "jeans" and "The ladies is not at home!"

Green velvet of a much deeper shade lined the collar, and there were the inevitable bits of black taffeta on the cuffs and in the tie. And buttons, of course—big brass ones.

It is a pity that more women don't appreciate the truly beautifying effect of white when worn near the face. It clears a poor complexion and makes a good one better.

Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, Jr., has a fond for wearing streamers of tulle, either tied under one ear or under her chin, and most becoming they are. They seem to exactly suit her piquant face, with its adorably saucy little nose—no nose so like the tip-tilted nose of Mrs. Phillip Lydie.

This season Mrs. Vanderbilt has had to forswear the brilliant colors—the touches of orange and green—she so dearly loves. For you know that all this year she has been in mourning for her brother-in-law, poor Hermann Colrich. But just lately I have seen her in black and white and shades of gray so soon, I suppose, she will become the brilliant "bird of paradise" we have all learned to know.

I caught a glimpse of her perched on a four-in-hand last week in a very good little gown of gray broadcloth. And later, when I got a moment to say "How-d'ye-do" to her, I observed the

whole confection. It was quite simple, being without ornament save for some delicate braiding and a touch of white at throat and wrists.

But the cut! And the way it hung! I'm sure it was a Francis model. It made me almost catch my breath with envy.

Waist and skirt were cut in one, and it buttoned down the front from waist to hem with broadcloth-covered buttons. The waist had plaits on the shoulders, the fullness being drawn down quite snugly into the belt. The belt itself disappeared under a broad box plait in front. This was held down by four large buttons.

The sleeves were simple coat sleeves, three-quarter length, and ended in a buttoned cuff of broadcloth finely braided, below which was a straight band cuff of white broadcloth fastened with white pearl buttons.

This note of white was repeated in a shallow yoke which appeared above the braided broadcloth of the waist, both back and front. It gave the needed relief near the face.

Of course, the skirt couldn't entirely escape plaits, but I'm glad to be able to tell you that it had only two—the box plait in front and one in the middle of the back. What a relief from the everlasting plaited skirts! This hung with a really charming swing from the hips and was short, well escaping the ground.

The box plait which ran down the back of the waist continued down the skirt. Just below the belt it was fastened down with buttons—six broadcloth covered ones on either side of the plait.

All the braiding was confined to the waist, and it was the most delicate kind of braiding, done with fine silk braid exactly the same shade as the cloth.

Of course, we all have a laugh occasionally at Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's expense. And, of course, we all occasionally raise our carefully penciled eyebrows and exclaim: "Well, really! What next?"

Mrs. Fish has such a beautiful disregard for fashion—although she is always tremendously smart—and is so thoroughly independent in everything she says and does.

Last winter, when we were unanimously wearing gardenias and orchids at \$2 per flower, did she not lift the American beauty rose from the low estate into which it had fallen, undeservedly fallen, and wear it triumphantly and with stunning effect against a gray chinchilla stole?

Could independence go further?

And her clothes are really most original, though how much of that originality she owes to Harry Lehr I cannot say, for, of course, you know that he designs many of her gowns. And he's as clever at getting effects as Whitney Warren or Julian Fory.

I don't know whether the ever-useful Harry was responsible, for a gown I noticed Mrs. Fish wearing in the park during the day. But if he was, I congratulate him. It was a beauty.

Cream colored Shantung silk with pipings, buttons and revers of that shade of brown known as burnt wheat played the major part, but much of the effect was gained in the original way the lace sleeves cut into the front and back. It gave happily slim lines.

And such charming lace was employed for the sleeves! Don't ask me the name, for I can't tell you. It was darned in great striking designs on a fine silk net, and bands of the Shantung silk were applied.

The coat, which was piped all around with brown taffeta, fastened with three buttons across the chest. From there it fell open down the front. The long

skirts of the coat was banded with Shantung silk, piped with brown silk. The upper revers was of brown, as were the upper parts of the big coaching cuffs.

Big buttons of brown taffeta embroidered in cream-colored silk fastened the straps and cuffs.

The skirt was long and trailing—and again no plaits! At the foot was a deep band of silk, cut in battlements and piped with brown. A really most effective creation.

The first warm days brought out a flight of parasols in the park. They sprang up like gaily-tinted mushrooms. All kinds, all colors.

The importers seem to have paid particular attention to these very feminine accessories of dress, this year. The result is often good, though in the search for novelty, beauty is sometimes shoved ignominiously to the wall.

One parasol I saw claimed attention by its very grotesqueness. The silk was the heavily embroidered silk you see in genuine Japanese kimonos, all shades of blue and orange and green. A long handle of carved teak wood had on top a most hideous Japanese face.

The kind of face you see in Japanese masks. It had bushy eyebrows and it leered in anything but a pleasant way.

And yet, I suppose some woman will carry it with great satisfaction. Well, rather she than I!

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THE SORT OF A HUSBAND A SENSIBLE GIRL WOULD WANT

In the old days it was considered not quite nice to have the least idea as to the sort of man you would like to marry before he actually appeared on the scene. You waited, dressed in white muslin, seated under the shade of a becoming tree, with a sampler into whose unoffending canvas you had stitched the portrait in words of Matilda of Normandy. Your occupation was probably not stimulating to the imagination. Matilda must have been a fearsome person at the portraits of her (in wool) are authentic.

You waited and your knight appeared in due course, bidden by his parents to woo you as the heiress of the next property to theirs. You accepted also because you were bidden. If you were happy you got more than you deserved; if you were unhappy—well, after all, it was only the usual lot.

The happiness of women! Has it ever been of the least importance in the world? There are men who love their wives truly and devotedly, but even these do not seem to think that a woman's happiness depends on them. They are wives, they have a home and children, a sufficient or an insufficient income. What more can any reasonable woman want? If she has any individual taste she has merged it long ago into that of her husband, she has given herself to him wholly and entirely and if he is very devoted he will try not to grumble at the housekeeping bills; he gives her the tacit affection that was in the bargain, and it is only if he should chance to be a failure in the world outside that he comes crying to her for the love of which she has such a store.

Now, I say it frankly, we do not want to marry the failures of the world. Love has ceased to be everything to a woman. Man is a selfish animal—it is a natural and inherited instinct—and if he cannot get all he wants for himself, how is he to get it for you? The failures of the world are the men who are lacking in self-control, in initiative,

in energy, and enterprise. If they have not other and graver faults. Would any woman, if she gave it serious thought, desire to marry one of these? However advanced a woman may be today, she still wants to look for guidance to her husband. It is all right enough to be on the side of the angels, but how are we to shield man from his own incompetency?

We cannot do it, great as our love for him may be. That man has had his chance and he has missed it. Are we to sink our happiness in the lake of his despair?

This little letter is to all the nice girls in the world. To those who, because it is their place in life, wish to marry and have homes of their own. To them I say, choose your husband and do not marry simply because a man, attracted perhaps by your hair and your eye-lashes thinks you would make him an excellent cook. Cooking can be learned, like other things, and if the man you choose wants you to cook for him, by all means do it and do it well. You have married him, and it is your pleasure and delight to consider his welfare; but at least let him be worth your thought.

Choose your husband for some good and sufficient reason; on your choice depends the happiness or the misery of at least two lives. Ask yourself what this man has done that you should love him; what has the life been that he offers to share with you; what is it going to be when the church has bound you to him? Men require so much of us. They want us to be angels and women at one and the same time. Why should we ask nothing of them?

A GRIEVANCE.

Mrs. Talkative—Mrs. Chatter is a dreadful gossip.

Mrs. Eager—Is she?

Mrs. Talkative—Yes, indeed. Why, you can't tell her anything scandalous about anybody that she doesn't know already.—Baltimore American.

